

The Troubles of the SNITCH

It's Contrary to the Ethics of the Gangman to Take His Troubles to Court--

The Pistol Point Is the Gun Man's Only Honorable Defense

In the vocabulary of the gang man there is no more hated word than "snitch." Snitch has many synonyms. Among certain gangsters the snitch is called a squealer. Among school children whose main object in life is to break the teacher's rules, the snitch is called the tattler.

To be a tattler in school one must undergo the scorn of all his fellows. To be a snitch in the underworld, scorn is not the only punishment. The pistol is the supreme judge which tries the snitch.

Gangmen would rather die of wounds inflicted by their enemies than to snitch. Many of them have died without telling who fired the fatal shot. One of the most noted snitches of recent years—because of the enormous system he revealed—was Herman Rosenthal, who paid the penalty of the snitch in front of the Metropole Hotel one hot July morning in New York in 1912. He was led from the hotel by a supposed friend and after the guns of the gangsters had spoken Rosenthal lay dead on the pavement.

Rosenthal was a gambler. In his gambling house the laws of New York were violated every hour under protection of the police. One night in June the gambling squad, under direction of Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, raided the place.

Under the rules of the system it is all right for police to raid a gambling house they are protecting. It makes the people think the police are trying to do their duty. Rosenthal did not object to the raid, but objected to Becker making the raid. According to Rosenthal, Becker was a partner in the gambling house. Becker received a monthly wage of \$135 a month as lieutenant. With that salary he had accumulated a fortune of \$70,000. His fortune came from protecting such places as Rosenthal's, the gambler said.

Becker not only closed Rosenthal's place. He paid guards around the house to warn people away. Rosenthal became angry. He began to talk. He was warned to be silent. He kept on talking. He tried to argue to the underworld, to the system, to his particular gang, that he had been wronged.

Why, Becker gave me the money to start my place," he said.

Finally he went to the District Attorney. A day was set for him to appear before the Grand Jury. The night before he was to appear the word went around the underworld of New York that Rosenthal was to be killed. Sitting in the Metropole Hotel, Rosenthal was talking to friends and trying to defend himself for "snitching."

"Charlie didn't treat me square," he pleaded.

Finally an automobile drove up to the door of the hotel. The men in the machine did not know Rosenthal. They were brought there to do the shooting because Rosenthal was a "snitch" and they were glad to do it.

They were part of the system. One of Rosenthal's old friends played the Judas part. He brought the gambler to the door of the hotel. There he touched the rim of his hat to the gunmen. They leaped from the machine and rushed upon Rosenthal. A few minutes later as they drove away all that remained of the "snitch" was material for the coroner to ponder over.

PISTOL QUICKER THAN THE LAW.
The arm of the law moves slowly. Becker is still alive, although the authorities have tried for nearly two years to send him to the electric chair. The pistol is more speedy. It renders a verdict and gives execution all in a second.

Sometimes, however, the "snitch" turns, as in the killing the other day of Wesley "Red" Simon by Henry Zang. Zang was an unwilling "snitch." He had fled from his home and hidden all over the country to escape telling what he knew of the incidents leading up to the killing of Emmett Carroll the night

of March 21, 1913.

Carroll was found lying beside the street in a dying condition. He was rushed to the City Hospital, where every effort was made to save his life. It was soon learned, however, that Carroll could not recover. But Carroll never told which member of the gang had fired the fatal shot. He left revenge to his brother and friends. Suspicion attached on "Red" Simon. It was then learned that before the killing that Simon had run into the saloon where Zang was a bartender, and had raced to the saloon where Carroll was shot with the weapon. After the shooting Carroll was placed in an automobile and carried several blocks, where he was thrown out of the machine. He belonged to the same gang as Simon. Although all the members of the gun squad knew who did the killing none would tell. They wondered how long it would be before Carroll's friends would try to "get" Simon.

Then the police began to search for Zang, who had seen Simon take the revolver. His testimony was necessary to make a murderer out of Simon. Other witnesses were found to testify that Simon had killed Carroll, but Simon had pleaded self-defense. If it could be proven Simon had obtained the revolver from another source after quarreling with Carroll, it would prove the premeditated murder.

The police found Zang and he told his story to the Grand Jury. "We'll get the snitch," soon became current talk among the gangsters. Zang felt he was to be shot sometime by one of the gunmen. When Simon finally was brought to trial for murder Zang went armed. The two were



LARGE portrait at left—Herman Rosenthal. Large portrait at right—Henry Zang. Lower center—The crowd gathering after the slaying of "Red" Simon. Other portraits, from left to right—John McDonald, Peter White, Charles Von der Ahe, William Houlihan, Wesley Simon and Edward Devine.



in court together, guarded by the best detectives of the city to prevent harm to either. At the noon recess the two met in a saloon just

a block from the courtroom. Zang killed Simon.

"I got my gun first," said Zang, in explaining the shooting. "I was

der \$1,500 bond. I had to stay here and testify.

"My wife became reconciled after she learned most of the lies told her had been prompted by Simon's friends. We couldn't live at my mother's house, so to dodge Simon we went to live at the St. Nicholas under the name of Simmons."

"Another one of the gangmen stopped me and said: 'Zang, you know that revolver Simon killed Carroll with wasn't stolen. You testify it was Simon's revolver, and it will be all right.' I told him: I would not perjure myself. He answered: 'Well, you can get ready to be the eighth notch on Simon's gun.'"

HADN'T SLEPT FOR TWO WEEKS BEFORE TRIAL.

"I hadn't slept for two weeks before the trial. The day of the trial I kissed my wife good-bye, put my loaded revolver in my right-hand overcoat pocket, and said to her: 'If they get me, they will get me, that's all. But if they get in front of me, I will sell as dearly as I can.'"

"I got to the courtroom at ten minutes to 10. As I walked through the corridor I walked through a line of Simon's friends. I could hear the words pass from lip to lip. 'Here comes the Dutch snitch. But he won't get to testify.'"

"Court adjourned at 1 o'clock, and I waited until all the gang had cleared out, and I slipped out by myself and over to Mooney's saloon. There I found Gross, Mooney and two other men whose names I do not know. I had been there five minutes when Simon came in. 'Give everybody a drink,' he called, and then he turned to me and said, 'Give the snitch one, too.'"

"We drank that one, and I asked Simon to have a drink with me. He refused. Later he called me to the offset by the cigar stand. He said to me, 'You are trying to send me to the penitentiary for ninety-nine years.' I tried to pacify him. 'Simon cursed me and reached over with his left hand across my chest and seized my left shoulder, at the same time throwing open his overcoat.'"

"Then I whipped my revolver out and shot quick as a flash."

Every city has its long list of unsolved murder mysteries. In nearly every instance of gang killing there are many who know the facts in the case, but will not tell. They consider it all right for the police to ferret out a murder, but consider it wrong to aid the police.

Among these "honorable men" is John McDonald. He was shot and for a time it was thought he would die. He refused to tell who shot him. When he had recovered he said he would "get" the slayer himself. Thomas Egan when shot fatally refused to tell and death sealed the secret. Edward Devine, William Houlihan and Charles Von der Ahe were all killed and no one was punished for the killing, although it was generally believed the police knew who did the killing. Peter White and John Burns were both shot to death. White had served time in the penitentiary for killing Edward Nolan, but the slayer of White and Burns was never found.

The Sonambulist.

Mrs. Eke—My husband walks in his sleep.

Mrs. Wye—I wish I could get mine to. His daily work is so confining the poor fellow gets hardly a bit of exercise.

Come Hlgh.

"Marvelous!" exclaimed the elderly waitflower. "You daughter show such free movements in her graceful dancing."

"Free!" shouted the debutante's father, "much! I wish \$10 apiece for every one of 'em."

Indicting the Government.

"The government is always offending some aggregation of interests."

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"Now they have made a penny too large to go into the slot machines."

SARAH BERNHARDT SURPRISES PARIS BY APPEARING FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM

Paris.—The artistic and literary world in Paris have had during the past few weeks two of the greatest surprises of years. Sarah, "La Divine Sarah," has been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor and has appeared for the first time on the lecture stage.

The red ribbon had been expected. For more than twenty years ardent admirers of Mme. Bernhardt have fought bitter battles with all the premiers who have occupied in rapid succession the ministry in the Place Beauveau. Just what the objection was no one really knew. For many years it was asserted that the Legion of Honor would never be granted to a woman, and the statesmen who were asked to make an exception in favor of the world's greatest living actress sought refuge behind that excuse. Later, however, several exceptions were made to the rule. Mme. Paquin, the dressmaker, received the red ribbon and several

women teachers at the Conservatory of Music were also decorated, but every appeal in favor of Sarah Bernhardt proved vain.

It was said by some that Mme. Bernhardt was barred by the chancellor of the order of the Legion of Honor on account of an unfortunate love affair which she had experienced in her youth with an officer of the German army, and that the latter had succeeded in procuring through his acquaintance with the actress valuable documents of state. This, however, is evidently merely a legend.

Mme. Bernhardt is perhaps today the most patriotic woman in France. For thirty years following the disastrous Franco-Prussian War she refused steadily to visit the country which had defeated her beloved "patrie." It has been said on several occasions that the Kaiser repeatedly made personal appeals to the actress, but that every one was

courteously declined.

Proudly wearing the red ribbon pinned on her waist, Mme. Bernhardt has now made her debut as a lecturer, and after almost fifty years of uninterrupted triumphs on the dramatic stage the great tragedienne trembled like a child when she entered the Universite des Annales, where a large audience was waiting.

With graceful modesty she claimed the indulgence of her audience for a debutante. She was afraid, she said, that there would be a good deal of egotism in what she was going to tell them of her beginning as an actress.

"The little girl of 11 years old, of whom I am going to speak to you, seems another person—a second if not a third—from the one who fifty-nine years later addresses you here."

The lecture had been announced as a dissertation on the art of elo-

cution and the lecturer selected the very best topic which could be found by relating just how she studied that art more than half a century ago.

She told of a friend of her family, named Meydieu, who was the first to "discover" Sarah. He induced her parents to allow him to teach her the elementary principles of elocution, and elementary they were, indeed. Day after day, hour after hour, the poor child had to repeat dozens of times:

"Combien ces six saucissons-ci? C'est six sous, ces six saucissons-ci! Six sous ceux-ci, six sous ceux-la, six sous ces six saucissons-la. . . ."

This was to accustom her to the correct pronunciation of the letter "s" and there were many others for the rest of the alphabet. The only drawback, however, was that Meydieu was a native of the Midi and was afflicted with the most terrific Tarasconian accent and little

Sarah's desperate attempts to imitate him in the recitation of the tale of the sausages was sorrowful indeed.

Meanwhile her name had been inscribed among the applicants for admission to the conservatory. This is a State institution, all its expenses being paid by the Ministry of Fine Arts, and admission can be obtained only by competitive examination. The candidates file their applications during the summer months and the annual audition is held in October. The average number of candidates is about 400, half in the comedy and half in the tragedy class, of which only about sixty are admitted. This number varies according to the vacancies.

Sarah went to the audition wearing her very best dress and poorly prepared for the ordeal. The prompter was an old actor who, many years before, had been fairly successful on the Paris stage.

forced to snitch and it was either me set him or him get me."

After the killing Zang told the following story to the coroner:

HOUSED BY MEN BECAUSE HE "SNITCHED."

"When Simon got out of jail on bond he came to me and said: 'The price of being a snitch is very costly. You had better be a good fellow and get a ticket and go away off somewhere.'"

"In the next few weeks I escaped two sluggings. Then one night Miller told me he was sorry, but he understood the gang was after me, and I'd have to quit work. He said it would mean the loss of his saloon license, as they intended to get me in his saloon. I went to different saloons, and would work a couple of days, when the proprietor would tell me I'd have to leave, as he'd been warned by the gang."

"I couldn't sleep at night. I'd walk down the street with my head sideways for fear they'd get me from behind. I knew those friends of Simon were peculiar. They'd kill Carroll, one of their own men. One of them stopped me on the street and told me Simon had seven notches on his gun and that he was looking for the eighth."

"This man said to me: 'You've been tipped. Now, buy a ticket and go as far away as you can and keep flying.'"

"I was terrified. I bought a ticket to Denver, as far away as my money would carry me. My wife had become estranged from me. I got to thinking about my mother, and that those fellows couldn't drive me to the devil and back, so I came back. Detective Sergeant McKenna arrested me, and I was placed un-

der \$1,500 bond. I had to stay here and testify."

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